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CHINESE DELICACIES.

Dishes in Which the Fabled Celestials Revel.

Curious Articles of Diet for Which There is No Name in English—Dishes in a Mongolian Kitchen.

Every day in New York you can see a

score of pigtailed gentlemen in the

neighborhood of Mott street each carry-

ing a huge brown paper bag. If you

could open these mysterious packages

you would find delicacies and

prawns, pickled Amoy cabbage, delicate

little tubers known as "ma-tai" bitter

cucumbers, dried devil fish, Awabi

clams from Japan, smoked oysters,

preserved shark's fins, pots of sweet-

meats, funny looking sausages and lots

of dainties for which, according to the

Heard, there is no name in English.

A poor laundryman will spend a quar-

ter or a third of his income upon these

luxuries, and will devote a half day of

his precious time to cooking them in

approved Mongolian style. The table

is a queer work of art. The china and

porcelain are superb, so beautiful that

in this land of collectors they would be

placed in cabinets. There are no

knives or forks. The Celestial mind re-

gards cutting and carving a labor un-

worthy of a guest, and relegates it to a

cook. In lieu of forks are chopsticks—

long, slender bars of ivory tipped

with silver or gold. The spoons are

flimsy of porcelain; the wine glasses,

cups like those in children's doll

houses. Your plate is a saucer and

your napkin a silk towel held by a

servant. The table is handsome never-

theless. It is nearly covered with

delicate plates containing hors d'oeuvres

piled up in slender pyramids. One pile

consists of peeled bananas, cut into

little drums; another of pineapples,

carved into tiny bars, like miniatures

of laundry soap; a third of crystallized

dwarf oranges, moistened in honey; a

fourth of fine onion sprouts and a

fifth of preserved eggs, dark green and

suggesting cucumbers. Other plates

contain sliced sausage, pickled cocks

combs, hard boiled pigeons' eggs,

sweet pickled shredded ginger, sliced

water chestnuts, dried fish segments,

dedicated prawns, smoked fish roe,

and a score of other equally incongru-

ous dainties.

You help yourself to any of these,

both before and during the banquet.

In the meantime the waiter or the

waitress is busy filling your glass with

fragrant Oolong and your wine cup

with boiling wine. From this point

neither cup is permitted to re-

main empty nor grow old. If it stands

longer than the time allotted by Mon-

golian etiquette it is removed and re-

placed by a hot one. After a few min-

utes of nibbling and sipping the

courses begin to arrive and continue to

arrive as long as there is a soul at the

board. Soups and stews, omelettes and

entrées, roasts and boiled, ragouts and

fricassees, croquettes and vol au vents,

sweet dishes and sour follow one an-

other without apparent rhyme or rea-

son. At the end of every half hour

you take a recess of from five to fifteen

minutes. Everybody lights a fresh

cigarrette or puffs a water pipe. A

few retire to one of the bunks and

smoke a pipe of opium. The "sing-

song" girls perform a brief concert,

vocal and instrumental, and again the

meal proceeds. It is a poor dinner

that has less than twenty courses.

Some have forty and fifty, and a few

pass the hundred mark. You eat what

you please and as much as you please.

Scarcely any dish is simple; some con-

tain twenty ingredients. The average

banquet uses pork, fresh, salt and

smoked; pig's brain, liver and kidney,

chicken, duck, pigeon, quail and goose;

fish, fresh, dried salt and smoked; eggs

of at least four kinds, rice, poultry,

beans, peas, cabbage, millet, lentils,

onions, garlic, leek, cucumber, squash,

melon, gourd, potatoes, white and

sweet; yam, ma-tai, bean, sprouts,

spinach, turnip, parsnip, carrot, devil

fish, dragon fish, fish roe, almonds,

crabs, sea weed, mushroom and

tree mushrooms, bird's nests, shark's

nests, shark's fins, chilies, orange

peel, ginger, coconut, macaroni and

heaven knows what not.

HEAP HOT ROPE.

How Some Indians Were Surprised by a Live Wire.

A party of Papago Indians wandered

into Tucson, A. T., one day last sum-

mer, hatless and shoeless, and loafed

around in approved Indian fashion. A

couple of them were idly watching

the stringing of the electric light

wires near the post office, when one of

the ropes by which they are hauled

taut broke, the end of the wire flying

back, and, crossing other wires, re-

ceived a mild charge of electricity.

One of the braves started to cross the

street, and, reaching the innocent-

looking copper wire, happened to

place one bare foot on it. He gave a

quick hop, without uttering a sound,

and carefully examined his sole. He

then faintly touched the wire again

with his toe, and immediately gave

another jump. By this time his com-

panion had joined him, and, upon in-

itation, put his foot squarely upon

the wire, and in turn gave an active

leap in the air. Both then suddenly

recollected themselves. Gazing at the

number of spectators who were evi-

dently enjoying the performance, they

quickly walked away to talk over the

mystery in the seclusion of their camp.

ANTIQUITY OF SHORTHAND.

It Was in Use Before the Beginning of the Christian Era.

Cicero is said to have been the in-

ventor of shorthand writing, and the

freedman, Marcus Tullius Tiro, his

friend, the first stenographer, and he

undoubtedly did use a method of short-

hand writing as early as 60 B. C. The

first English treatise was by Timothe

Bright, entitled, "An Arte of Shorte

Swift and Secrete Writing by Charac-

ture, Invented by Timothe Bright,

Doctor of Philosophie, Imprinted at Lon-

don by I. Windet, the assignee of Tim

Bright, 1588. Cam privilegia Regiae

Majestatis. Forbidding all others to

print the same." Dr. Bright in this

work says: "Cicero did account it

worthwhile his labour, and no less profit-

able to the Roman common weale (Most

Gracious Sovereigne) to invent a

speedie kinde of writing by character,

as Plutarch reporteth in the life of Cato

the younger. This invention was in-

creased afterward by Seneca that the

number of characters grew to 7,000.

Whether through inure of time, or that

the men gave it over for tediousness of

learning, nothing remaineth extant of

Cicero's invention at this day."

The stenographer who recalls the

efforts required to properly master the

few characters used in the art to-day

will wonder that of Cicero's system,

with its 7,000 characters, nothing re-

mains at this day. It was not until

1643, according to the New York World,

that the art became of any practical

use, and it was first used in the house

of lords in 1699 in taking testimony in

a divorce suit. Stenographers were

not regularly employed in parliament,

however, until 1802.

In many of the public schools of the

country stenography is a part of the

training. An evidence of its recent re-

markable growth is shown by a circular

issued by the bureau of education

issued at Washington. Here it is

shown that from July 1, 1889, to June

30, 1890, 57,375 persons received in-

struction in the art of shorthand in schools

and colleges in the United States. Five

thousand five hundred and fifty of

these were in New York and Brooklyn.

A like circular was issued by the bu-

reau in 1884, in which it was shown

that during the year 1883 the number

GIANTS IN SWAMPS.

Mastodons That Have Been Unearthed in Marshy Regions.

How Scientific Research Has Been Aided by the Discovery of Extinct Birds and Animals in Wet Lands.

It would perhaps be difficult to find anybody who would speak a good word for swamps. The man who drains one and turns its marshy surface into productive soil is universally regarded as a public benefactor. So the projected draining of the dismal swamp in Virginia and the Okefenokee swamp of Georgia is regarded only with favor, and few could be found to regret the disappearance of these remarkable features of our American landscapes, says Youth's Companion.

Yet, setting aside the strange picturesqueness of such marshy regions and the curiosities of plant life which they exhibit, it is easy to show that swamps have been useful in a manner that could hardly have been anticipated. They have very effectively served the cause of science by preserving the remains of some of the most remarkable of the former inhabitants of the earth.

Here in America the skeletons of several mastodons have been found imbedded in ancient swamps, and so perfectly preserved that no difficulty whatever has been encountered in restoring the bones to their normal position, setting the skeletons on their feet and thus exhibiting to the eyes of modern man the monster animals which were probably familiar sights to our ancestors nobody knows how many thousands of years ago.

In Ireland the ancient swamps were equally efficacious in preserving for us the gigantic elks which became mired in them.

Swamps have proved no less useful agents of science in other parts of the world, and particularly in Australia, New Zealand and Madagascar. What could be more interesting than the bones of a giant bird which was in all probability the roc described by Sindbad? Just such bones have been discovered in the marshes of Madagascar and New Zealand, and there is plenty of evidence that the great birds which owned them were the contemporaries of men in the past history of those islands. But for the swamps we might have remained ignorant of the fact that birds with legs larger and heavier than those of the largest horse once flourished in the southern hemisphere.

Lately these Madagascar swamps have yielded other remains of extinct animals, hardly less interesting than the huge bird, the epornis, itself. These are the skeletons of a creature resembling a lemur of gigantic size, but remarkable for the small quantity of brains which it possessed. It is said that man was responsible for the destruction and disappearance of this creature. If so it was probably a simple case of brains against brute force.

There is reason for thinking that still other discoveries remain to be made in Madagascar—discoveries that will possibly bring to light even more interesting facts concerning the former inhabitants of that part of the world.

Suppose one of our swamps, which we regard as utterly useless, should preserve to a remote future age the only remains of some animal like the bison or the tiger, now rapidly becoming extinct. The man of science then living would have the same reason for rejoicing that that swamp had existed that we have for being thankful for the revelations contained in the swamps of ancient days.

A CLEAR CASE OF BUNCO.

Articles Adopted Successfully by a Negro Beggar of Panama.

I had just started from the hotel toward the market place, when I noticed an elderly darky standing on the opposite side of the street, looking from one to another of the people going in and out of the various entrances to the hotel. The moment his eyes caught mine his face lighted up, and with outstretched hand and a smile he came hurrying across the way, says a correspondent of the New York Sun.

"Fo' de Lawd, boss, I'm glad to see you. I've been lookin' for you all this mawnin'."

There was no refusing such a cordial greeting. I shook hands and said: "Looking for me? I don't know you. How did you happen to be looking for me?"

"How come I look for you? I've gwine tell you. 'Couse you don't know me. I'm gwine tell you 'bout dat, too. I've been waitin' for you because I ain't had er mouthful of no dis blessed mawnin'. You ought to know an I'd jess like ter borry a thing."

It was a clear case of Panama bunco, but there was such a happy expression on his face—he so thoroughly enjoyed his little game and he worked it so well—that there was no refusing him. Besides he is the most artistic member of a great gang of peculiar negro beggars to be found on the streets of Panama. They are, without exception, from the islands ruled by the British in the West Indies, and they beg only of English-speaking strangers. On every corner and on several blocks between corners, while walking to the market, I met hundreds. Without exception they bowed and touched their hats and said: "Good mawnin', boss. I'm on de beach, sah. A dime, sah, if yo' please." "On the beach" is equivalent to the American "on his uppers," or "dead broke."

A Hungarian Court.

The Hungarian prime minister has succeeded in reestablishing a royal court in Buda Pesth. Hitherto, when the emperor of Austria, as king of Hungary, came to visit the capital of Hungary, he took his Austrian household with him. The Hungarian lords are to surround him upon all ceremonies in Buda Pesth, and they will also attend him at ceremonies in Vienna, side by side with their Austrian counterparts.

COURAGE IN SURGERY.

Why Experienced Practitioners Are Cool While Operating.

An old surgeon, engaged for the moment in dissecting a cold roast quail, and making, it must be confessed, only an indifferent job of it, had been listening incidentally to the conversation of his table companions who were discussing the calmness and nerve displayed by the average practitioner during surgical operations, says the New York Herald. Both agreed that the poise and coolness shown by surgeons at times were extraordinary and hard to understand.

"Now, friends, if you will permit me," interrupted the surgeon at this point, "I would like to tell you that there is nothing extraordinary about it. The 'nerve,' as you call it, of the surgeon under such circumstances is the most natural thing in the world. It is not a display of calmness which has been put on for that occasion, or an exhibition of courage summoned up for an unusual emergency, but simply the normal demeanor of a practical, matter-of-fact man who knows what he has to do and how he is going to do it."

"The trouble with many people who marvel at what they call a surgeon's courage is that they fail utterly to comprehend the conditions under which he performs his work. They imagine that he is experimenting, or that he doesn't know his ground, or that he will cut something that he ought not to cut. Nothing could be further from the fact. No movement in science or mechanics is preceded by a more accurate foreknowledge of its results than the average operation in surgery. There is no such thing as guesswork about it. The operator knows he is performing an operation which is based upon an exact science. He follows rules which apply to all cases, and is secure in the confidence that causes which have produced certain effects in given instances will do so in all others."

"Why, then, should there be any need in his work for extraordinary courage? There are cases, of course, so critical or so unusual as to excite even the calmest and most self-contained operator, and when these are under treatment the surgeon's powers of self-control are frequently taxed to their utmost limit. To the man who, in such a case, can wield the knife without a tremor, when life itself depends upon the accuracy and delicacy of his touch, we must award the praise due to real heroes. But in the average case, say of amputation or of skull fracture involving cranial operations, the surgeon neither needs nor possesses more than the courage of an intelligent, sincere man, who knows his duty and has learned how to perform it. His technical knowledge of anatomy and its methodical habit of work accustom him to conditions which alarm and excite non-professional minds, and he goes about his task with a certain quiet, vigorous, assertive confidence in the result of his movements which the observer is quite likely to mistake for a marvelous courage summoned up for that particular occasion. It is courage of a certain sort, I confess—the courage of absolute confidence in the infallibility of the science he represents."

ALI-BEN-ALI, THE COBBLER.

How He Lost His Wife and His Faith at the Same Time.

Ali-Ben-Ali was and is a renegade. He believes in three gods, and drinks spirits of wine, corn and rye. He also believes that women have souls and that, while there are many hours in heaven, there are more in hell. When the muezzin calls to prayer he puts his thumb to his nose and spreads his fingers out, which is his Turkish way of expressing derision. Once upon a time he owned seven slaves, four of whom were white. Great men were his friends. Now he cobbles shoes, says Vance Thompson in the New York Advertiser.

He might have been a happy man to this day had it not been for that devil of an Alcibiades. Ali-Ben-Ali was sitting on his feet, looking through the open door out on the blue waters of the Bosphorus and the low sandy shore beyond when the Greek came up. He was a low-browed Greek. He was peddling slippers with long red points which curled over like rams' horns. Ali was absorbed in thinking of his seven female slaves. He kicked the Greek in the back violently two or three times, but otherwise ignored his presence.

The subtle Greek departed. Under his low brow he devised this revenge. He wrote a letter to the sultan.

"We'll see about this," said the sultan. "Messour, off with Ben Ali's head and bring me his seven nice wives."

Messour returned in half an hour, the seven slaves, of whom four were white, trailing after him.

"Ben Ali is dead," he said.

Messour, lied. Ben Ali, by bribes, had secured his escape and, disguised as a bale of tobacco, was stored away in a hold of a vessel bound for New York. He is in New York now to prove that this tale is no lie. He cobbles shoes. At times he utters strong spirits. Then he curses the commander of the faithful and Alcibiades, the low-browed Greek. The sultan is a Mohammedan and Ben Ali is a Christian and is cursed of Ben Ali.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1868. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to-wit: German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Serbian and Turkish, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Jewish rabbis and Mahometan sheiks.

BOSTON'S WEALTHY WOMEN.

Several Millions Among Them, Including One with an Estate of \$25,000,000.

One of the wealthiest women in Boston is undoubtedly the widow of the late Augustus Hemmingsway, as she was the chief heir to an estate valued at \$25,000,000. Mrs. Hemmingsway resides in one of the grand old houses on Mount Vernon street, and from her home dispenses a wide hospitality that includes the poor as well as the rich, and the charities and philanthropic enterprises in which she has long been quietly interested can only be numbered by her nearest friends. Her normal cooking school and her gymnasium are described by the Journal as two of her most successful undertakings.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, daughter of Prof. Louis Agassiz, has a private fortune which enables her to dispense a royal bounty. Her "kindergarten" work alone is said to cost her about \$50,000 a year.

Mrs. Sears, the wife of J. Montgomery Sears, and daughter of Charles F. Choate, of Southboro, also has a worthy fortune in her own name. Mrs. Sears' reputation as an artist has been established since her notable triumph in winning the \$300 Evans prize, awarded by the jury of the New York water color exhibition last year.

Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Mount Vernon street, is credited with at least \$3,000,000. She owns the Androscooggin mills, and a great deal of other property. She is exceedingly philanthropic, and her love for pictures has led her to indulge in many by the most eminent artists of the time. Mrs. Alpheus H. H. is worth nearly \$1,000,000. She is very fond of flowers, cultivating them with great success. A superb chrysanthemum is named for her. Mrs. W. H. Moom, daughter of Moses Williams, is worth \$800,000, and Miss Elizabeth Brigham enjoys a share in the use of her late brother's large estate, which, when the last legatee shall have died, will endow a hospital to be called by the name of its founder. There are many women whose names do not appear in the tax list because their money is invested in government and corporation bonds. In the latter case the corporation pays the taxes, and the names of individuals do not appear. There is, however, a long list of names of women who pay taxes on very large sums, ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000 or more.

LINCOLN'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

It Was Short and Simple and Went Straight to the Point.

A citizen of Buffalo has found among his papers an account of the circumstances under which Abraham Lincoln made his maiden speech. It was originally printed in the Springfield (Ill.) Republican, and is as follows: "The president of the United States made his maiden speech in Sangamon county at Pappasville (or Richland) in the year 1833. He was then a whig and a candidate for the legislature of this state. The speech is sharp and sensible. To understand why it was so short the following facts will show: (1) Mr. Lincoln was a young man, say twenty-two years of age, and timid. (2) His friends and opponents in the joint discussions had rolled the sun nearly down. Lincoln saw it was not the proper time then to discuss the questions fully, and hence he cut his remarks short. Probably the other candidates had wholly exhausted the subjects under discussion. The time, according to W. H. Herndon's informant—who has kindly furnished this valuable reminiscence for us—was 1833; it may have been 1831. The president lived at the time with James A. Hurdon, at Salem, Sangamon county, who heard the speech, talked about it, and knows the report to be correct. The speech, which was characteristic of the man, was as follows:

"Gentlemen, Fellow-Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an 'old woman's dance.' I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I will be thankful. If defeated it will be all the same."

A Funny Superstition.

There are people who have a distinct antipathy to the screech owl and cannot listen to a single burst of its hilarity without shuddering. The screech owl is supposed by the negroes on southern plantations to be in direct communication with all the "ghosts" and "giants" of the forests. He plays a great part in the more weird folklore story of the darkies. A funny superstition in regard to the screech owl is that if you will take your shoe or slipper off your left foot the first time you hear an owl laugh and turn the shoe sole upward on the floor and place your "stocking foot" on the bottom of the shoe's sole the owl will stop laughing and fly for ten miles without rest.

Don't Require Watches.

"You know," said a man, "there are some people who seem to be able to tell the time of day without the aid of a time piece; I don't mean by looking at the sun or that sort of thing, but right off-hand. If you ask one of these people what time it is, he says: 'Twenty-five minutes past four;' or 'Twenty minutes to twelve;' or whatever it may be, and he gets within five minutes of right. It seems as though time had left upon their minds some impress of its flight."

The Eastern Buck Board.

The buck board as seen in northeastern New York, where it is in general use, is a vastly different vehicle from the buck board of the suburban region. The latter is a stanch-looking open vehicle, usually painted to resemble polished oak, while the former is often an unpainted wagon, with a parlous sag in the middle, suggestive of the stranger of the historic "one-horse shay" and its sudden dissolution.

MEDICAL.



DOCTOR SWEANY

737 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
OPPOSITE EXAMINER'S OFFICE.

This learned specialist, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but now so well and favorably known throughout the West by his long residence and successful practice in this city, continues to cure all Nervous, Chronic and Private diseases of both sexes. His name is a sufficient guarantee of a prompt and perfect cure of every case he undertakes. Poor treated free on Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Nervous Debility Of every kind, name and nature treated far in advance of any other institution in the West.

Young Men If you are troubled with emissions, exhausting mirths, pimples, bashfulness, aversion to society, stupidity, despondency, loss of energy, ambition, and self-confidence, which deprives you of your manhood and absolutely unfit you for study, business or marriage. If you are thus afflicted, you know the cause. Get cured and be a man.

Middle-aged Men There are thousands of you troubled with weak, aching backs and kidneys; frequent painful urination and sediment in urine; impotency or weakness of sexual organs and other unmistakable signs of nervous debility and premature decay. Many die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The most obstinate cases of this character Dr. Sweeney treats with unfailing success.

Private diseases, gleet, gonorrhea, inflammation, discharges, stricture, weakness of organs, syphilis, hydrocele, varicocele, ruptured piles, fistula, quickly cured without pain or detention from business.

Kidney and Urinary aching in small of back, painful, frequent urination and thick, milky or bloody urine; Bright's disease, bladder, stomach, heart, liver, lung, throat, and all constitutional and internal troubles, permanently cured in the shortest possible time.

Blood and Skin diseases, eczema, spots, scrofula, syphilis, pimples, tumors, taint, tumors, tetter, eczema, and other impurities of the blood, thoroughly eradicated, leaving the system in a strong, pure and healthful state.

Ladies If you are suffering from persistent headaches, painful menstruation, leucorrhoea or whites, intolerable itching, displacement of the womb, or any other distressing ailment peculiar to your sex, you should call on Dr. Sweeney without delay. He cures when others fail.

Write your troubles, if living away from the city. Thousands cured at home by correspondence, and medicines sent secure from observation. Book on SPECIAL DISEASES sent free to any one describing their troubles. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M. Sunday, 10 to 12 A. M. only.

F. L. SWEANY, M. D.,
111-6m 737 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT SILVER.

In Italy Private Issues Issue Tokens to Supply the Demand.

It is a strange story which comes from Italy by way of the London Globe. No great is the scarcity of money that a private firm at Milan, Messrs. Gavazzi & Co., has taken to coining on its own account, and as the credit of the house is unimpeachable the metal tokens—for of course that is what they really are—are freely accepted by the shopkeepers.

Italy presents a remarkable exception to most other nations in the matter of currency. While they are complaining everywhere else of the superabundance of silver, the precious metal is actually at a premium in King Umberto's dominions.

Change for a five-franc piece can only be obtained on payment of a penny on the transaction.

The reversion to tokens carries us back almost to the middle ages. There was a period in the history of England when such "promises to pay" constituted almost the only circulating medium. They were made of lead, tin, and even leather, and passed as readily from hand to hand as coins stamped with the royal image and superscription.

It is stated that in the middle of the seventeenth century as many as twenty thousand different kinds of tokens were in circulation in England.

Messrs. Gavazzi's coinage will pass freely where the issuers are known and trusted, but will not be looked at twenty miles from the Lombard capital.

The extraordinary action of the Milan firm has been taken, perhaps, not only in the interest of its clients' convenience, but as a means of putting pressure upon the government. Rightly or wrongly, it is contended that something might be done by the authorities to relieve a scarcity which amounts almost to a general calamity.

Brain Was Knowing and Bold.

"When I was in the Yellowstone park last summer," said a Wyoming valley man, "one of the gamblers told me about a bear that worried a camp of government soldiers almost to desperation for several weeks. Late one night a bear waddled into camp, ripped open a tent, put the soldiers to flight, got what he wanted to eat, and went away. The next night the bear came around again, smashed down a tent and stole a smoked ham. Under the park rules the soldiers were prohibited from firing at the thievish brute, as well as from jabbing a bayonet into him, and the only thing they could do when the bear appeared and went to helping himself to rations was to get out of his way. Night after night the bold beast made a raid on the camp and ruined a tent or two. My informant said that the bear acted as if he knew that the soldiers dared not fire on him, and that on each visit he became more saucy and destructive than before. When the bear's ransacking had become unbearable the commanding sent the facts to the secretary of the interior and asked what to do. Word came back to shoot the bear, and that night, when Brain strode boldly into camp, the soldiers put an end to his career by riddling him with bullets."—N. Y. Sun.

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